

light and love and peace of
hidden
wisdom.

Kemankar

I also once set my eyes on
that face,
and for a moment dreamt that
religion
had come at last, in* the form
of a
woman, to lead man's heart to
heaven.
For a moment, music broke
out from
the very ribs of my breast and
all my
life's hopes blossomed in their
fulness.
Yet did not I break through
these
meshes of illusion to wander in
foreign
lands ? Did not I suffer
humiliation
from unworthy hands in
patience,
and bear the pain of
separation from
you, who have been my
friend from
my infancy ? And what have
you
been doing meanwhile ? You
sat in
the shade of the King's
garden, and
spent your sweet leisure in
idly weav-
ing a lie to condone your
infatuation
and calling it a religion.